Only virile men to penetrate AWLS says new constitution

by E. "Bunny" Blair

Under intense pressure from the SA, the Amazon Women's Liberation Society will begin accepting male members, but with the stipulation that they prove their virility by examination.

AWLS President Tami Bakker explained the changes in the organization's constitution. "Well, we were ragged at by the SA for being discriminatory, so we sat down and took a good look at our policy. We talked to our alumnae and they had a few suggestions for updating AWLS that we thought were inspiring."

Alumnae President Artemis Schelbourg neé Trescalini, class of '23 said she was concerned about maintaining the organization's integrity. "AWLS has had a long and enduring history at Rice University and we expect these men to live up to our proud heritage. None of our women have ever been wimps and neither shall our men."

"We knew we didn't want just any men, no Woody Allen types, in our society so we devised this test," Bakker explained.

The AWLS test is based on the underground classic Rice Purity Test, "but is much deeper and far more penetrating" she said.

A sample of the subjective exam:

1. What are you looking for in a woman?
2. What is your best personality trait and physical characteristic?
3. Can you accept rejection gracefully?

Tami Bakker and friend —Truzinski

4. Should convicted rapists be castrated?
5. What do you consider the ideal breast size?
6. Have you ever made quiche for a woman?
7. Would you ever eat it (the quiche) yourself?
8. What is your personal opinion about leather?
9. Should a woman have complete control over her body?
10. Have you ever experienced womb envy?
11. Do you have a sympathetic understanding of PMS?
12. Does fat bother you?
13. Would you go down on a woman during her period?
14. Are you in accordance with AWLS policy of cutting off the left breast (ammended to left testicle for male members) as a proof of sincerity?
15. Is God a man or a woman?

Examinations will be given at Rosa's Tattoo Parlor and Washateria next Friday at 12 noon during *All My Children*.

Bakker assures that all men who successfully pass the written and physical examinations will be accepted into the society and invited to the Spring Boar Hunt and Formal.

When asked to describe the ideal male AWL, Vice-President Apollonia Lytle commented, "We are envisioning a combination of Alan Alda, Clint Eastwood, Tom Hayden, and Freddie Lundkvist. These men will know who they are."

THE rice TRASHER

Volume 72, Number 36

Tuesday, April 1, 1985

INSIDE:

- Readers rag, rag, rag, rag, rag, rag, at the editor. Does he care? Hell, no.
- Oh Gawsh, I want to puke my guts up all over this rag. Honestly I do.
- What? A light at the end of the tunnel? Must be a train coming.

Parking lot frustration sparks violent faculty demonstration

by David "Ewok" Friesenhahn

Rice faculty members stormed Allen Center for two hours Friday before being dispersed by campus police in a protest over what some say are "oppressive " university parking conditions.

Chanting "free M lot," faculty members burned parking stickers, chained themselves to illegally parked vehicles, and hurled bricks at campus police during the assault on the building.

Rice Chief of Police J.R. "Umgwanakikbootie" Rodes finally ordered the use of tear gas and attack dogs to force the rioters to cease the disturbance.

Four rioters and one police officer suffered minor injuries as a result of the violence. Rice police report that they made a total of 23 arrests.

Rice University has been the scene of turmoil since August, when the administration introduced a parking plan designed to prevent non-Rice commuters from parking on campus.

However, administrative problems have plagued the plan from its inception, causing confusion among faculty ,students,and staff.

Several departmental secretaries report that some members of their departments have neglected to submit to the necessary blood test, for instance, and have been denied stickers as a result.

Faculty members were also angered last month by the deportation of two professors in the Department of Spanish, when a routine parking sticker security check revealed that they were in the country illegally.

The parking plan has exacted a high psychological price from faculty and staff as well.

According to Dr. Anil Compullsive of the Rice Psychiatric Service, there has been a sharp increase in the number of visits from faculty members since the parking plan went into effect.

The number of faculty complaining of "mild existential crises" has risen 47 percent since this time last year, he said.

Said Compullsive, "What you have here is a situation in which you are radically altering one of the most fundamental aspects of a person's life. Other than the sex drive, there is no greater need that human beings must fulfill than the need to find a parking spot. By disrupting the parking patterns of a large population, you are setting the stage for widescale outbreaks of violent behavior."

Indeed, Friday's riot was only the latest incident in an epidemic of parking-related violence which has engulfed the campus since the adoption of the present system.

According to Rice Assistant Chief of Police Mary Bullwinkle, some faculty and staff members with parking places in the lots closest to the academic quandrangle have formed vigilante groups in order to protect their spots against encroachment by outsiders.

In October, for example, senior biology student John Rise was brutally beaten in the parking lot adjacent to Cohen House by seven faculty members who shouted in unison "Go back to the stadium lot where you belong purple scum," a reference to the color of his parking sticker.

Vigilantes take aim at parking violators. —S. Banana

Although 14 other faculty members witnessed the attack, all refused to identify the assailents to the campus police.

The situation at Rice has recently attracted the attention of the Houston City Council, which fears that the parking lot violence at the university might spread to other areas of the city.

The council invited Rice faculty and staff to testify about their concerns at a special session last week.

One parking lot vigilante, who wished to remain unidentified, claimed that his desire to preserve his parking spot involves much more than simply convenience.

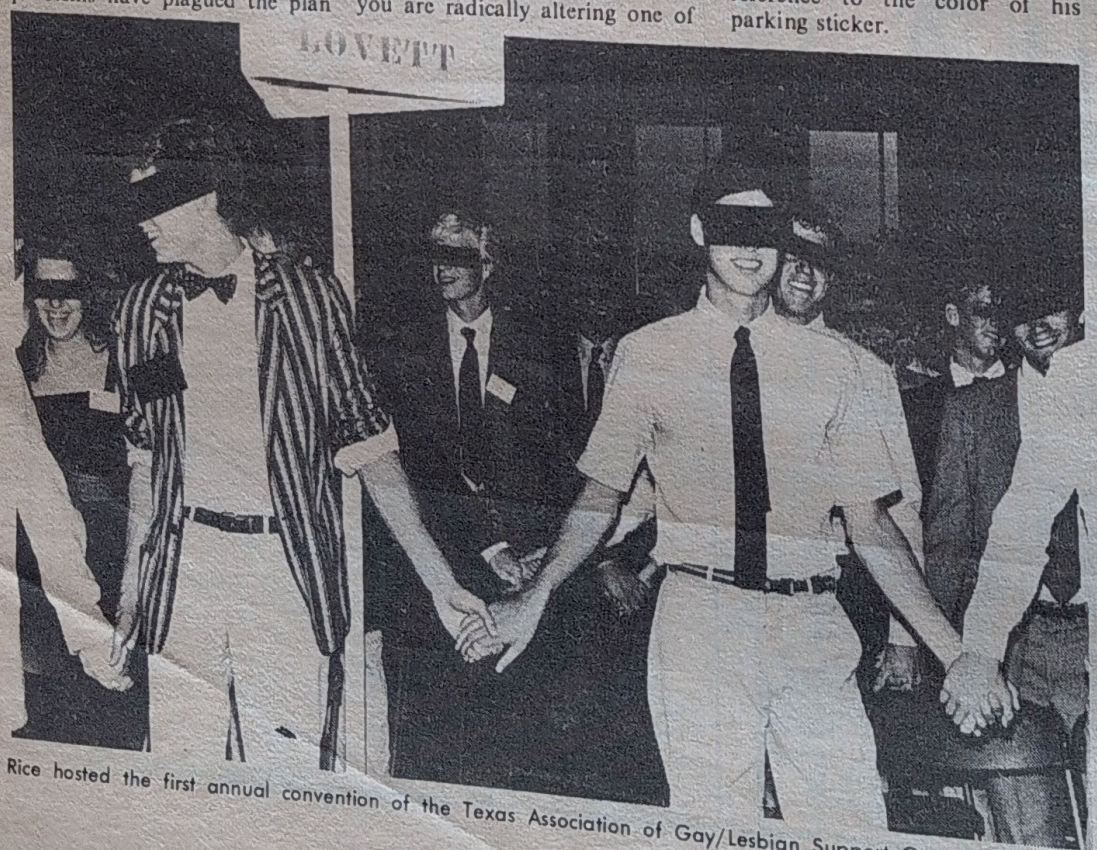
"Take your average faculty member," he said. "What has he got? Not much — slim chances of tenure, little chance of making it in the real world, a bunch of snotty, over-cultured kids who are in analysis twice a week. But the parking space is his piece of turf. It's the one place where he's in control, where he's the master. You take that away from him, and you've stripped him of the last vestige of his manhood."

City councilman George Greanadias (District C) said he understood their problems but urged that "we develop institutional structures designed to facilitate the free exchange of ideas germane to the discussion of specific identifiable mutual concerns related to matters of urban university asphalt use policy in the context of a tenseful situation."

An interpreter for Greanadias said the councilman wished for the administration and faculty to sit down together and discuss their problem.

However, Rice administrators do not appear ready to negotiate over the parking plan.

As a retaliatory measure designed to punish the faculty for its actions last week, the administration has declared the entire Rice University campus a thirty-minute parking zone. Violators will be towed.



Rice hosted the first annual convention of the Texas Association of Gay/Lesbian Support Groups last week.

★★★★ Erratum ★★★★

The **Trasher** neglected to inform the public that President-Designate George E. Rupp is a decent carpenter and a vigorous racquetball player. The **Trasher** deeply regrets this error.

★★★★★★★★★★★★

Aw, come on, listen up

Hey you guys, stop fighting out there. The world really is a really peachy place, except that you all keep messing it up by arguing about this or that when you should all just be reasonable and agree with me.

I mean, this pornography thing, it's all very simple. If you get your kicks from it, well that's just swell. Like hey, we don't expect you to go and rape someone in real life just because you saw it done a hundred times on the screen and the wenches just loved it. That wouldn't make sense. It's all make-believe, and Rice students know the difference.

But then, those who don't like pornograpy are cool, too. As long as they don't try and force their views on anyone. Geez Louise, what's the point of having morals if you can't just use them to elevate yourself above the rabble? They're going to hell anyway, there's no point in losing your sanity trying to change *that*.

Like wow, there are even some fellas that, you know, try to straddle the fence and agree with everybody while trying not to sound wishy-washy. Anyway, they're okay also. Live and let live, you know?

And this Josh thing. I mean, he must have just been pulling our legs anyway, right? Maximum sex and all. Like Protestants ever have sex. Can't ever even have a decent family with more than two kids. Geez Louise.

—Pull N. Havalik

Hey all you lazybones

Gosh, people, we've got entirely too much work to do and it's your fault. I mean, we stay up here all night trying to do a paper and all you can think about is whether or not we spelled your name right. Or quoted you right. Or put your name on that article you wrote. Or put it on one you didn't. Or mess up photo credits. Heck, we aren't perfect. We all make mistakes.

Anyway, it would all be much easier if everyone would help out. Look, there are about 230 characters per column inch of copy, and 70 column inches per page. With an average issue of around, say, 16 pages, that makes only around 250,000 characters per **Thresher**. No, that's really way too high; subtract about 30 percent for advertising and headlines and such. We end up with around 160,000 characters we need to check for accuracy.

So if all the members of the Rice community — all 4000-plus of us — could pitch in and help out, then there we would each only have to check 40 characters apiece. Now wouldn't that be much easier?

—Pill Halfwit

BULLDOGGING THE HEDGES/by Stiff McLaugh-in

I'm sick and tired of all these bleeding-heart hook-nosed Arab-loving commie-sympathizing liberals getting on my case about terrorism. Everything is perfectly clear, and those who say it isn't are obscuring the truth for their own reasons.

When Menachem Begin blows up a hotel, that's not terrorism, but an act of national liberation. Israel has always been pro-U.S.; what's good for the Hymies is good for America. So what if they shoot on a U.S. surveillance ship every once in a while? Everyone needs some privacy. How do you think your girlfriend would like it if you insisted on watching her insert her tampon?

Likewise is Bernhard Goetz no terrorist but a wholly-justified defender of individual rights. What is this country coming to when a citizen who, except for an occasional traffic ticket and weapons violation, is law-abiding, cannot pull out his portable howitzer and turn some punks into hamburger? Goetz's only failing was the poor choice and use of his weaponry. In New York, it's kill or be killed, and the scum you leave with a mere wound will not only see you in court, but is also likely to pop into your bedroom on some cold and lonesome night.

Only vandals fire warning shots; spare the ceilings, walls, and floors and shoot into something which has no better use than for stopping bullets.

But these are all instances of God-fearing Americans and Israelis (who are almost as good, even if they only have the God bit half right) defending their property and their beliefs. It's a completely different case when one of those atheistic Russkies or greaseball Arabs start shooting up freedom-loving U.S. citizens.

But oh, those terrorists get me mad. I mean, just the other month they wasted another American overseas. And the Russians, shooting down an American military attache in cold blood. That just burns me up. Some people have no respect for human life.

On-campus archeology

The Archaeology world is still shaking from what some call the archaeological discovery of the decade perhaps of the century. What's more astounding is the discovery was made on our own Rice University campus by Dr. Roderick Macintosh. Macintosh explains:

"I was walking out to check out the new beer-bike track when kaplooie, I'd walked straight inot an enormous structure some 400 yards long, fully 300 yards across and a whoppin' 600 feet high. Boy was I surprised. Take that Richard Leakey."

Perhaps built by aliens from outer space, the structure, until now unnoticed sits squarely in the center of the underclassmen parking lot.

"It's really quite amazing," says Macintosh, "Susan and I discovered literally hundreds of meticulously marked benches inside for no readily apparent reason. It's not really a building and it's not really a patio, so what is it. We don't know."

There are many theories concerning the structure. Dr. A.J. Bluebonnet of Texas A&M, claims it was built for worship perhaps to contact the gods from another planet.

"First the pyramids, then the Washington monument, now this," Bluebonnet said, "I've always firmly believed we have been visited and may even be watched. Possibly right here on our own planet. Gads."

The discovery may also give creedence to the Darwinian theory of evolution. MacIntosh has begun digging around what he calls "the fifty yard line" referring of course to two gigantic number fiftys surrounding the site.

"I was pretty skeptical about this evolution stuff," says MacIntosh, "It never made sense, you know, man from monkeys who'd a thought it. I never understood it... till now."

Nevertheless creationists have already claimed the Rice structure as another of God's great wonders created some time between the blue skinned trout and the emu."

Other scientists claim that the strucure was built when Rice had a winning football program. In other words millions and millions of years ago.

"We've tested every possible scenario," claims MacIntosh, "And we see no reason why anybody in their right minds would build such a thing for Rice football...entirely ridiculous. Susan and I are going with the alien from another planet theory."

TRASHING IT OUT

Nice, misguided young women

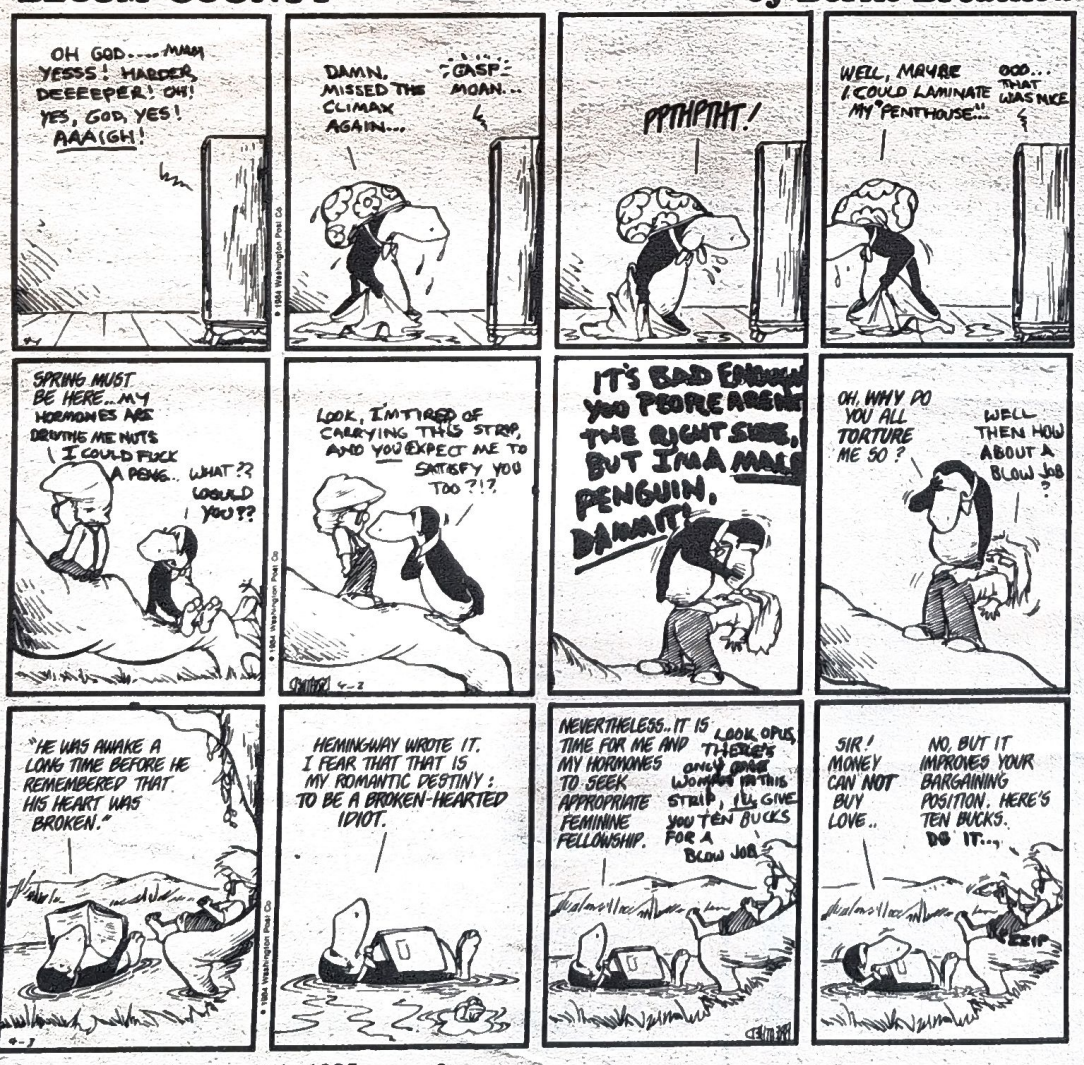
To the editor:

We think you are really neat and cute to boot. We've only watched you from afar; we'd love to meet you and get to know you better. Come by Room 991 Brown at midnight on Wednesday, and we'll treat you to a late-night snack you'll never forget.

V. G. Dentata
D. M. Natrix
Brown '87

Editor's note: Who do you think you're fooling? It's a trap set up by my political enemies. Oooh, that dirty wabbit.

BLOOM COUNTY **by Berke Breathed**


OH GOD.....MMM YESSS! HARDER, DEEEEPER! OH! YES, GOD, YES! AAA(GH!
DAMN, MISSED THE CLIMAX AGAIN...
GASP MOAN...
PPTHPTHT!
WELL, MAYBE I COULD LAMINATE MY "PENTHOUSE"...
OOO... THAT WAS NICE
SPRING MUST BE HERE...MY HORMONES ARE DRIVING ME NUTS I COULD FUCK A PENG.. WHAT?? WOULD YOU??
LOOK, I'M TIRED OF CARRYING THIS STRIP, AND YOU EXPECT ME TO SATISFY YOU TOO?!?
IT'S BAD ENOUGH YOU PEOPLE AREN'T THE RIGHT SIZE, BUT I'M A MALE PENGUIN, DAMMIT!
OH, WHY DO YOU ALL TORTURE ME SO?
WELL THEN HOW ABOUT A BLOW JOB?
"HE WAS AWAKE A LONG TIME BEFORE HE REMEMBERED THAT HIS HEART WAS BROKEN."
HEMINGWAY WROTE IT. I FEAR THAT THAT IS MY ROMANTIC DESTINY: TO BE A BROKEN-HEARTED IDIOT.
NEVERTHELESS..IT IS TIME FOR ME AND MY HORMONES TO SEEK APPROPRIATE FEMININE FELLOWSHIP.
LOOK OPUS, THERE'S ONLY ONE WOMAN IN THIS STRIP, I'LL GIVE YOU TEN BUCKS FOR A BLOW JOB
SIR! MONEY CAN NOT BUY LOVE..
NO, BUT IT IMPROVES YOUR BARGAINING POSITION. HERE'S TEN BUCKS. DO IT...
EEIP

This space intentionally left blank.

BEYOND THE HEGEMONY/by Arand Dumguy

Ultimate cult to come your way

Yet another in a series of religious cults has begun recruiting on American campuses. According to the *Comical of High Education* this group, calling itself the Unified Orgasmic Church, has already begun to hold late-night clandestine services in a number of dormitories around the nation.

The core of the cult's beliefs is based on an obscure theoretical treatise published in the *Journal of the British Mathematical Society*. Professor Roger Pendragon of Rice and Oxford Universities authored the piece, which discussed the impact of certain topological constructs on the interaction of the gravitational, electroweak and strong nuclear forces.

Once a certain level of number and complexity was reached in these constructs, they could, under the influence of harmonic oscillations, produce a unification of these three fundamental forces, resulting in the creation of a "white hole," spewing forth galaxy-sized streams of matter.

Alex Tufuque, another renowned mathematical physicist, noticed a relationship between the critical frequency postulated by Pendragon and the rhythms produced by sexual intercourse in human beings. Changing his name to Patriarch Rama Rodinit he founded the new church.

Rodinit's theology is complex, as he explained: "God has revealed to us, through mathematics, that the First Coming was really Genesis itself, when God climaxed in the act of creation to produce the Milky Way. By amassing a sufficient number of true believers ((pi raised to the pi power) raised to the pi power, or 80,662) in a single sexual act, composed of clusters, daisy chains, and linked closed loops, we hope to achieve that for which mankind was placed upon this earth — the Second Coming, after which a New Age will be born."

Drag-worms to meet students

Winos, drug addicts, and other street people are the beneficiaries of a new program being instituted by the University of Texas at Austin.

Faced with sharply rising numbers of derelicts, straining gruel kitchen resources and blocking traffic, the university and the City of Austin have arranged for vagrants to live with students, reported the *Deadly Texan*. Called "Adopt a Drag-worm," the program is part of a nationwide trend toward community responsibility among institutions of higher education.

Iwanda Neudeel, co-ordinator of the program for UT, said it will provide profound cultural and educational benefits for students. "Among these underprivileged citizens are some of the greatest jazz and blues musicians of the 50s and 60s. Many others have experiences that can add life to the cold and sterile history taught by most professors."

There is only one snag: lack of volunteers. Buford Dextrum, one participant, said of his new roommates: "They're loud, they keep unlivable hours, and they always reek of cheap beer. They're incapable of conversation; all they want is sex, comfortable clothes, and a warm place to shit."

If Dextrum's fellow street people agree with his assessment, then UT students may miss out on a once-in-a-lifetime educational opportunity.

Senator Jessup Holmes resigns

Right-wing senator Jessup Holmes, brother of porn star John "The Human Tripod" Holmes, has resigned his position in order to minister to "victims of the sex industry."

In a speech at Dupe University, the elder Holmes said that his big brother's state of sin had become too burdensome to face, and he had to try to do something. The *Dupe Carnal* printed the full text of the address, in which Jessup explained, "If I can't help John, maybe I can help others like him. The state of so-called 'porn stars' is really tragic, because they are selling themselves and their self-respect cheaply."

John Holmes refused to comment, and would not answer phone calls at his multi-million-dollar beachfront mansion.

Raygun sick, in need of hearts

President Ronald Raygun missed a speaking engagement at Motown University this month, sending Vice President George Butch in his stead, reported the *Motown Mouth*.

Mouth reporter Ahmed Askup, curious about the sudden change of plans, decided to investigate further. White House press staff told him at first that Raygun had experienced "an accident of health."

Digging further, Askup discovered that the president was in extremely critical condition, being kept alive only by five fetal hearts transplanted from late-term abortions.

Squads of unwed mothers were being kept close on hand in case any of the hearts should cease to function.

When politely asked in a closed hearing by the Justice Department to reveal the sources of his information, Askup had only this to say: "Aaaiiaarrgh!"

TRASHING IT OUT

A couple of real anal retentives

To the editor:

We hate your guts. Everything you print is full of the most outrageous inaccuracies, and the infinitesimal fraction of it you write yourself is the worst.

A short list of the crimes we accuse you of:

•Dilly-dallying on important issues — stifling useful debate with platitudes while offering no useful knowledge yourself.

•Ignoring other issues, such as the presidential search, Cohen House shenanigans, and the athletic department, apparently hoping they would resolve themselves without the intervention of any journalistic investigation.

•Lack of seriousness on the most fundamental issues of religion and ethics. Reduction of deep, philosophical discussions to the intellectual equivalent of "Like, y'know?"

•Universal incompetence. Not only are you a sorry excuse for a journalist, you couldn't program your way out of a white hole.

•General, profound, and incurable assholiness. You wouldn't a close personal relationship if it walked up and chewed off your testicles.

Face up to the comical farce that you are, Havlak, and resign your ass.

G. D. Natrix
A. Dentata
Richardson '85

THE RICE TRASHER

Brandy Rigidney
Faggot-in-Chief
Toad A. Coronet
Bacchanal Master

Homosexual Sympathizers

Pall Havoc ..... Invertebrate
David Frozendong ..... Scandals Generator
G. Iam Neat ..... Farts Ignorer
Bev Blacklist ..... Advertising Svengali
Susan "Cuter than a" Buganan ..... Porno Editor
Pam Buttinski ..... Porno Editor
Tony Solitaire ..... Jock Itcher
Mark "Climb my" Matterhorn ..... Jock Itcher
Robyn "Girl Wonder" Klahr ..... Anarchy Editor
Valley Rohy ..... Reproduction Manger
John Nap ..... Errormonger
Mark Missing ..... Senile Editor

Indecisive Mugwumps

Ass. Editors ..... Erring Bear (Vice), Karen "Anything for a" Nickel ("Art" Cinema)
Futures/Ass. Sports Censor ..... Scott Snide
Drivel Editors ..... Sleaze Melonkamp, Stiff McLaugh-in, Schleem Johnson, David Rigidson
Pornography Conspirator ..... Dingy
Blatant Lies Staff ..... Petty Baring, Jay Garbreath, Spinster Greene, Sahara Jordan, T-bar Robots, Vaguely Rohy, Chuckles, David Smurf, Eric "Wanna Answer a Few Questions?" Salituro
Ruff Arts Stuff ..... John Krapp, Sarah "Pyro" Jordan, Frances Eggiayer, L. Gene the Jeep, Valhalla Rohy, Carolyn Auspicious, Long John Thomas, Wendy Sterno, Charnel Smith, Carrie Glum, Karin Smurphy, Arrogant Blare, Nancy Collie, James Aura, Guy Jailbrat, Paully, Ross Walldork, Beverly Blechwood II
Spurts Stiff ..... Jay Anglo, Chris Lowlife, Jim Humorless, Andy Koppout, John Lippster, Stud McVeal, Tonio Torrent, Ted Androgynous, Don Tabasco, Jr., John DeFigueirererereredo, Duke of Earl Peterson
Pornography Starch ..... Mike Filbert, Ailing Dupe, Dying Killabird, Eric "Not Tony" Sillyturo, Mike Void, Harold Tossenturner
Crayonmongers ..... Mike Harsh, Scot "No, I did not bleach my bangs" Brooks
Anarchy Staph ..... Dick Airy, Germifer Brown, Ginny Corky, Gay Jelbrain, David Hard, Gruesome Haunt, Tricky Dodge, "Big Brother" Hogan, Symphony Kuttinski, Ainu Jujubean, Karnal Murphage, Any Orchard, Cynful Snit, Goff Stiffrod, Adam Stcticicpewewiwtsch

Reactionary Gay-bashers

Assistant Butcher of the Masses ..... Susan C. Brown Smuck
Advertising Lolitas ..... Christal "Gem" Davis, Brach "Candy" Wagner
Advertising Production Ass. ..... Ashen Standback
Sublingual Manager ..... Katchme Filtcher
Object of Harassment ..... Careless Soldiero
Circulation ..... Shun Dickman, Howeird Gollum, Martha Mitchell

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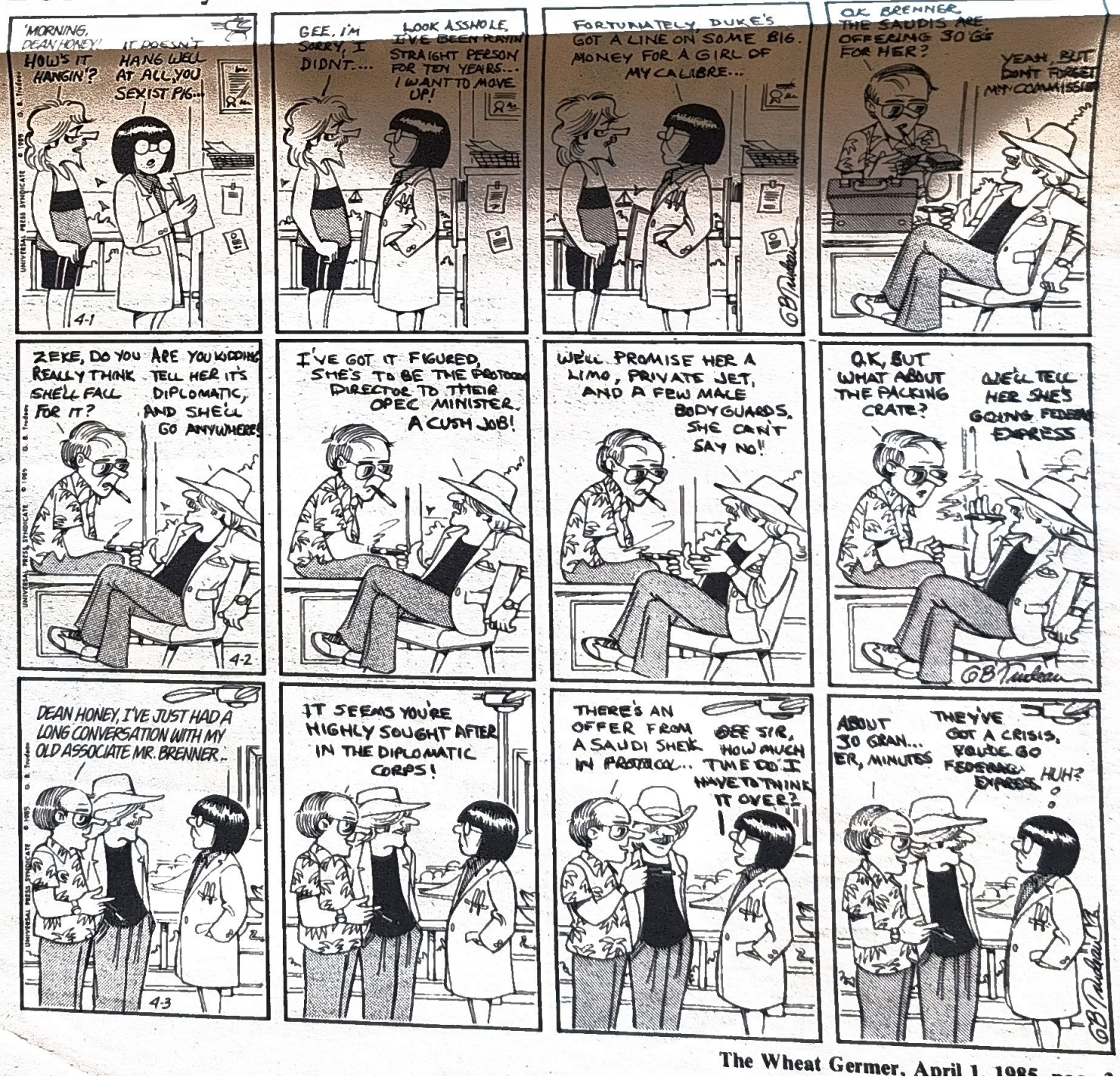
All wrongs revenged.

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU


'MORNING, DEAN HONEY!
HOW'S IT HANGIN'?
IT DOESN'T HANG WELL AT ALL, YOU SEXIST PIG...
4-1
GEE, I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T....
LOOK ASSHOLE, I'VE BEEN PLAYIN' STRAIGHT PERSON FOR TEN YEARS... I WANT TO MOVE UP!
FORTUNATELY, DUKE'S GOT A LINE ON SOME BIG MONEY FOR A GIRL OF MY CALIBRE...
OK BRENNER, THE SAUDIS ARE OFFERING 30 GS FOR HER?
YEAH, BUT DON'T FORGET MY COMMISSION
ZEKE, DO YOU REALLY THINK SHE'LL FALL FOR IT?
ARE YOU KIDDING TELL HER IT'S DIPLOMATIC, AND SHE'LL GO ANYWHERE
4-2
I'VE GOT IT FIGURED, SHE'S TO BE THE PROTOCOL DIRECTOR TO THEIR OPEC MINISTER. A CUSH JOB!
WE'LL PROMISE HER A LIMO, PRIVATE JET, AND A FEW MALE BODYGUARDS. SHE CAN'T SAY NO!
O.K., BUT WHAT ABOUT THE PACKING CRATE?
WE'LL TELL HER SHE'S GOING FEDERAL EXPRESS
DEAN HONEY, I'VE JUST HAD A LONG CONVERSATION WITH MY OLD ASSOCIATE MR. BRENNER..
4-3
IT SEEMS YOU'RE HIGHLY SOUGHT AFTER IN THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS!
THERE'S AN OFFER FROM A SAUDI SHEIK IN PROTOCOL.. SEE SIR, HOW MUCH TIME DO I HAVE TO THINK IT OVER?
ABOUT 30 GRAN... ER, MINUTES
THEY'VE GOT A CRISIS, YOU'LL GO FEDERAL EXPRESS HUH?

Central Kitchen ends meal service in efficiency experiment

In a test of efficiency, Rice administrators have decided to discontinue meal service in the residential colleges for an experimental period of five years.

The action comes at the suggestion of the Food Committee, composed of elected representatives of the various colleges and Joy Rubbish, director of the College Scrod Service.

According to Han Ditower, roving headwaiter who has served as troubleshooter at a number of problem colleges, the main problem is that students are eating the food. "We keep advising them that this is unhealthy and inefficient, but they won't listen."

The measure comes at the end of a 10-year plan to gradually phase out college dining by decreasing the quality of the food. Said Rubbish, "We figured that there was a limit to how bad the food could get before Rice students would stop eating it. The plan provided for gradually approaching this level, so slowly that most people would not notice it. Those who did think that the food was getting worse could assume that they were just getting tired of it."

Students test new Food Service meal plan. —K. Isucksome

Rice students proved to be made of tougher stuff than Rubbish had expected, however. Not only did they continue to eat the mysterious meat dishes and suspicious souffles, but, according to Rally Club member Ken E. Tennithin, "We just considered it a challenge. Whenever it got to be too much, well, we just pulled out our blenders and made scrod and beer daquiris."

Another blow to Rubbish's plans was a diminishing supply of desserts. A complete set of 100,000 infinite-hang-time desserts was purchased in 1974 by the College Scrod Service, with the intent that they would be recycled every year. Armored apples, cement cobbler, perpetual pudding, and other after-dinner treats were expected to last for the entire 10-year period. However, a substantial number of these disappeared over the years during vandalous physics experiments. Many others were allegedly stolen by a nearby wax museum.

Despite plans to end meal service altogether, Rubbish said that meals would continued to be served until the end of this semester, although they will not be served in the colleges.

Rubbish said that Food Service intends to serve meals outdoors instead.

Said Rubbish, "Serving meals outside has several advantages. First, it will save money which is usually wasted on lighting and heating college facilities. It is spring, so there should be no problems, since the days are getting longer and the temperature is agreeable. Second, it will help remedy a situation in which the campus is presently underutilizing it current sidewalk space. Finally, it makes paying grubs to clean up unnecessary since the job can be performed naturally by cowbirds."

Messy rooms freeze Lovett funds

by Karen "Plantkiller" Palmer

The Residential College Management Advisory Committee (RCMAC) has decided to further table Lovett College's request for ambience funds this week.

Two weeks ago, their request was tabled because the Lovett commons was in disarray after their casino party. The commons was cleaned that afternoon.

Food and Housing Director Marilyn Licks has decided that a clean commons should not be the sole requirement for receiving ambience funds. After visiting several Lovett rooms, Licks decided that untidy rooms also detracted from Lovett's delightful ambience and that funds would be denied until several additional conditions were met.

Said Licks, "No dirty clothes on the floor, no empty beer or soda cans around, no pinups, and no unmade beds. We're trying to be a world-class university here, and there is no place for unmade beds in a university with such fine student accomodations."

In response to this demand, new Lovett President Steven Beanie commented, "I don't think it should be much of a problem. I always keep my room neat. And we can always get a bunch of freshmen to help. We'll form a committee on it and tell them they can put it on their resume."

RCMAC will meet again on Tuesday, April 6 after Licks takes another tour of Lovett College.

The other colleges will receive visits from the newly formed Standing Committee on Tidiness which will include Licks, several faculty members and extraordinarily neat undergraduate and graduate representatives.

In a related development, Central Kitchen director Joy Rubish is considering not giving students any dessert until they eat their vegetables. This will also be included on the RCMAC agenda.

Beg For It!

DOMINATRIX PIZZA

There's no such thing as free delivery, and with Dominatrix Pizza, you'll have to pay the price.
We use only the finest cheeses, pepperoni, and handcuffs.

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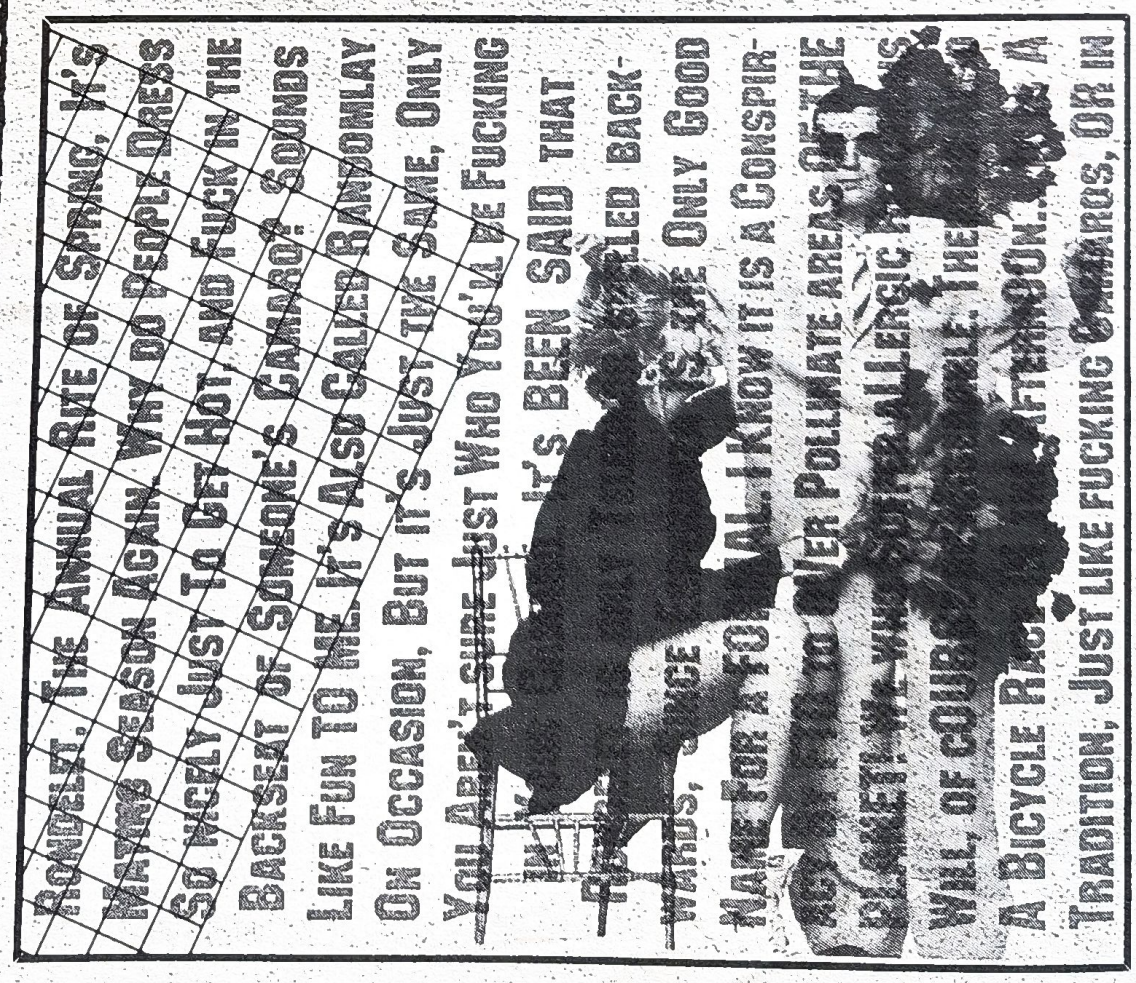

IT'S BEEN SAID THAT
ONLY GOOD
YOU AREN'T SURE JUST WHO YOU'LL BE FUCKING
ON OCCASION, BUT IT'S JUST THE SAME, ONLY
LIKE FUN TO ME. IT'S ALSO CALLED RANDOMLAY
BACKSEAT OF SOMEONE'S CAMARO. SOUNDS
SO NICELY JUST TO GET HOT AND FUCK IN THE
MAKES SEASON AGAIN. WHY DO PEOPLE DRESS
ANNUAL RITE OF SPRING, IT'S

Womanly Brown mounts *Uncommon Women* in superior show

Uncommen Women
Brown College Theater

They were women. Women who were proud of being women. Women who laughed together, cried together, talked on the telephone together and menstruated together. Yes, they were uncommen women. This is the basic premise of Wendy Wasserstein's play *Uncommen Women and Others*, which played, yes, at the Women's college — Brown.

Yes, this play is about women — 9 of them to be exact. And they're very uncommon. For example, Holly's father invented velveteen. How many people do you know whose father invented velveteen?

I digress. Back to the womanly story at hand. Five women meet to have lunch (a woman's meal) at a restaurant. They went to Mount Holyoke (a woman's college) in the early seventies. This is their first reunion since then. Muffet, Samantha, Holly, Rita and Kate (all women, obviously) talk about their lives at present, the lives of women at present, and compare them to their college experiences, women's experiences, and expectations, women's expectations, as younger women in the early seventies.

The main part of the play takes place in 1972, when the women are seniors in college. Most of them are wondering what sort of uncommon thing to do with their lives. Samantha is planning to marry a young man (but he doesn't appear in the play — remember, this is a *woman's* play). Kate wants to be one of the few chosen women who get to attend Harvard Law School. Leilah plans to study in Iraq (a place which oppresses women even today). Muffet, Holly and Rita are unsure about their futures and discuss a lot of female sorts of things. Two other young women also appear in this section: Susie Friend, a female creature who does womanly things like dating and organzing, but doesn't have a womanly soul, and Carter, a touching example of a woman who is too frighteningly intelligent for today's society. Mrs. Plumm, an uncommon woman in her own right, is the women's housemother.

Two uncommen women strut in a womanly sort of way in *Uncommen Women*

The play continues through the women's senior year. They make the choices which women must make to face the future of a woman in this (unfortunately) all-too-male-dominated world. It's a harsh world out there. But as we see in the restaurant scene, these uncommon women have survived and are full of female pride and energy. There have been a few small problems however, such as the fact that the successful woman lawyer's wimpy boyfriend couldn't handle her success.

Directors Allison Leach and Shannon Halwes have done a fine job in using their female point of view and experiences to create a truly exceptional female ensemble without any overzealous male egos to ruin the balance. The actresses perfomaces were sublime. All of them drew on their native female talents for expression. They created truly womanly characters.

What more can I say? This was a true woman's production. It was excellent in every respect (except maybe for the lighting, which was designed by a man).

Brava!!

—Ernestine S. Hemingway

Best of Black and Blue

This semester's University Black & Blue *is due to be published soon. As part of the program to encourage submissions for next years* Black & Blue, *the* **Trasher** *will be publishing the best of this years works.*

The Offering

A blade
passing over my wrist — long, slender, new
what better way to show
that
I love you.

An offering for you...

I did
not know if I could do it for you
but now it is too late,
to leave this life for you was my destiny,
my fate.

An offering for you...

A thought...
enters my clouding mind: "Do I love
her at all?" as my blood
spurts out upon the white plaster wall.

I fall.

An offering for you...

"What am
I doing?" My voice to itself chants.
Won't take me dancing,
the woman that kills all my plants.
All
my plants....

An offering for YOU???

Cannot stop
the bleeding, I feel pain to my bone
I need medical help
Why can't I find the damn
tel-
ephone?

DEATH

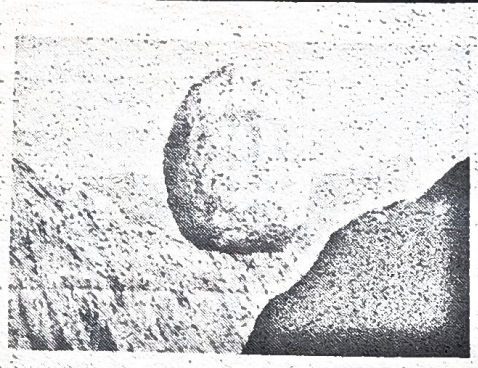
—Sylvestor Plath

The Bird

i wish i was a Dicky Bird
o wouldnt i be sweet
id fly into the highest tree
and sing tweet tweet tweet tweet
tweet

—Gerard Not-So-Manly Hopkins

RICE / HEIZER / ROCKS
SOUVENIRS



Mr. Heizer's next work, titled:
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President's Club 24 kt. memorial geologist's hammer. Great for getting your own rocks off!
Only $49.95.

45/90/180 and Birds paperweight
A gentle shake sends the birds swirling around the rocks!
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Over, Under, In Between: A new work by Michael's lesser known brother, Bevo Heizer. Fashioned from the same materials, this work is smaller in scale.
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We indulge both sex fiends and bananafanatics ot once.
We've combined the finest natural juices and long, hard ripe bananas for a new taste treat!
We call it Salty Banana.

A Lick Below the Belt

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Gourmet Sex Shoppe II

6969 Bendover
In the Village
630-8606

Brown leads Owls to Cotton Bowl via muddy route

by Scott the Snide

Head football coach and athletic director Rotten Brown announced last week that he had new plans for athletic department funds delegated for the football team.

Brown plans to use the budget to dig up dirt on other teams and get them disqualified from Southwest Conference postseason play. Brown said, "We decided that it would cost us less money to destroy football programs at other schools than to build a winning program here at Rice. If we can get the other teams disqualified, we would be in line for back-to-back Cotton Bowl appearances on New Year's Day.

It's all or nothing, though. If we can't find some dirt on every other SWC team, we'll never have a chance because there's no way Rice is going to win another SWC game on its own for several years."

This scenario presents a possible problem for Cotton Bowl officials. One official, who refused to be identified, said, "Dammit, that Brown is going to destroy our credibility. Who will want to watch an 0-11 team play against one of the top teams in the nation?"

Brown offers an easy explanation to allay fears that the Cotton Bowl will become a New Year's Network Toilet Bowl. Brown says, "It's great for media hype. Potentila national champions like BYU who are looking for an easy bowl game will play every year in the Cotton Bowl in order to avoid a challenge. Everybody will want to watch to see how bad the opposition stomps on us. I mean, talk about a game with lots of offense. People will tune in to see how bad we get whipped, and it will make bookies' jobs more exciting, too—having to give Rice 20 or 30 points.

Rice quarterback Kerry Turnover says, "This is great. I've always wanted to play in a national championship game."

Groundskeeper-designate Lloyd Rupp has other ideas about Brown's plans. "It's always been my goal to turn Rice into a divinity school and try to win the national divinity school championship. We really wouldn't have to get any better; in fact, we're way ahead of other schools. Those Buddhists over in Sri Lanka don't even know how to play football."

Rotten Brown already has lots of ideas on where to find the dirt that will get all the other SWC teams dirty. "First, we'll change our field from artificial turf to natural grass, then we'll start the real mudslinging. Teams like SMU and A&M have already committed so many infractions that we just have to pick a player and start to investigate.

"It's also easy to catch players at places like Tech and Houston, because a lot of them don't even know how to sign their names to a scholarship. And we've heard that they just sort of take up collections during church services up at Baylor and give them to the players, but the NCAA will see right through that. Hell, Arkansas isn't even in Texas; that ought to be enough to disqualify them right off. The only team we'll have trouble with is TCU."

You, You, You! — Rotten Brown points the finger at cheaters

FELINE SKEET-SHOOTING

Pussywhippers gear up for Rice Invitational

by Bert The Big Dog

Well, folks, it's that time of the year again. The Rice Feline Skeet Shooting Invitational is on tap again, and those who prefer real pussies to clay pigeons are busily honing their skills in preparation for the event of the season.

"We live for the Invitational," said team captain Rover Basset. "There's been a bumper crop of cat this year. We've been able to get a lot of practice just going out in the alleys, throwing them up and blasting them. I'm sure one of them was responsible for Freddie's disappearance. That makes it especially delicious to hear them start to squeal and then *thump*, they're dogmeat."

The main competition for Rice will be kitten-popping powerhouse Kimberling City (Mo.) College, led by chief shooter Terrible Terry Smirker. Said Smirker, "The best part is putting the book *101 Uses For A Dead Cat* to practice. I've gotten myself a real nice pencil sharpener and a guitar pick. With the same cat, too. And I didn't even have to gut the critter myself."

Rover Basset with his trophy

Naturally, cat lovers from around the state have been trying to put an end to the event. "Nonsense," stated Basset. "Our sport kills much less cat than football kills grass." Nonetheless, some activists want the Invitational to use the newly developed AstroCat, even if it takes away the natural element of the sport.

Rice is a slight favorite in the meet, but Louisiana Tech is bringing along Karl Malone, who is rumored to shoot with his elbows.

Feline skeet-shooting's origins go back to the beginning of recorded history. Ancient tablets recovered from the ruins of Nineveh detail an Assyrian practice of using cats captured from Egyptian temples for target practice. The Puritans brought to the practice to the New World, where they found it an enjoyable adjunct to witch-hunting.

Meet Joe Blo

FOUNDING FATHER OF SID RICH

I got around in my younger days, and **this** *is the reason why. But since that time, I've discovered good head is the real root of sexual fulfillment. I just thought the fine youg men with tight buns at Sid should know their heritage, and be proud of that "special" cameraderie you share every night.*

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SAY "I love you" in leather! —T. Bakker

VALENTINE'S DAY SALE

BEAKER
Tiffany Clark

All you people fucking on the couches in the outer commons should stop. They were just reupholstered this year. Don't fuck on the carpet either; the residue clogs the vacuum cleaner.

You missed the opportunity to see *The Teapot*, our remarkably superior Shakespit play directed by that oh-so British Tenor Bastard. Too bad! Thanks to everyone who came together and made it all so wonderful.

Sign up for a committee. It's really fun. You just need to do a lot of work for no pay. Everybody will be really grateful, believe me, and will thank you profusely even when you aren't able to satisfy their every whim.

Whoever keeps referring to Club 13 as "Baker's Dozen" should stop. We don't know who those people are.

Volunteers to clean the body prints off the 3rd floor bathrooms should sign up on the glass.

SWILL RICE
Krusten Mlrygantha

Our illustrious president is running for pope. Everyone help him along the way by getting him into seminary.

Rumors of thermonuclear escallation in jack wars are unfounded. Still, lead suits are in fashion...

LIVID
Nora Bolt

You must remember this, a kiss is still a kiss, a sigh is still... oh, sorry. Casino party is over, right? I forgot. Silly me!

Livid will be showing another extraordinarily cinematographically amazing film, full of culture and dazzling wit, this Saturday at Chem Lec, 7, 9, and 11 p.m. Cost is $1 — even Reserve Room workers can afford it.

Congrats to our new boffo Prez, Steve Beanie. Changeover is tonight, so come and drink astounding amounts of beer and marvel at SB's cheekbones.

Joy Rubbish wants us to eat at Sid Dick Sunday. Forget it and go to Swill Rice.

MOANS
Sada Mee

Moans is throwing a TG with Sid Dick on Friday, though Mr. Gillis seems to have forgotten to mention in *his* column that *we* sprung for the kegs. So next time you see a Sid guy, teach him a lesson — *don't swallow*!

There will be a cabinet meeting in the commons tonight. Big items on the agenda: illicit and unsanitary use of commons flatware, keeping pets/lovers without roommate's consent, and group fucking in the fairy fountain (please keep it to a triplet or less).

BRAWN
Ginger Lynn

If you are male or even androgynous, please, please *please* sign up to interview to advise at Brawn. The rumors about the handcuff and whipped cream orgies are totally untrue. (At least the hetero ones.)

Male Strip Night II will be next Saturday night. We've raised the cash prizes to $500, so we expect to have more than the two performers we had last time. Interested males should call x2333. So come and go down in Vito's where all the fun is.

Thanks to all of the womanly women who helped to make *Uncommon Women* the success it was. But please, Brawn girls, try not to be so rough on the tables when you move them.

Remember, no unescorted men on the floors. Six of them disappeared last week, and if they don't show up soon, we may be forced to have a room search.

DICKERSON
James Gillis

Sid Dick will be throwing another awesome TG Friday, so all you Brawn chicks, Sid Studs and assorted other slime come out and get sloshed.

Jeff Mitsubishi is now trying to raise money to go to Tokyo. So if you want to see a photograph of Jeff on Mount Fujiyama surrounded by native lovelies and holding a placard that says "SDC", give him money. Lots of money.

HANDSON
Filly Tio

Co-advisor interviews are over. Really over. If you didn't make it, well, tough teriyaki. If you did, thank Jone and Jan for the chance to advise future members of the most useless college around.

LICE
Connie Lundkvist

Romper Room night is tonight. This year's theme for "Let's Pretend" is "Like a Virgin." After that be ready for the traditional game of Twister, complete with Vaseline.

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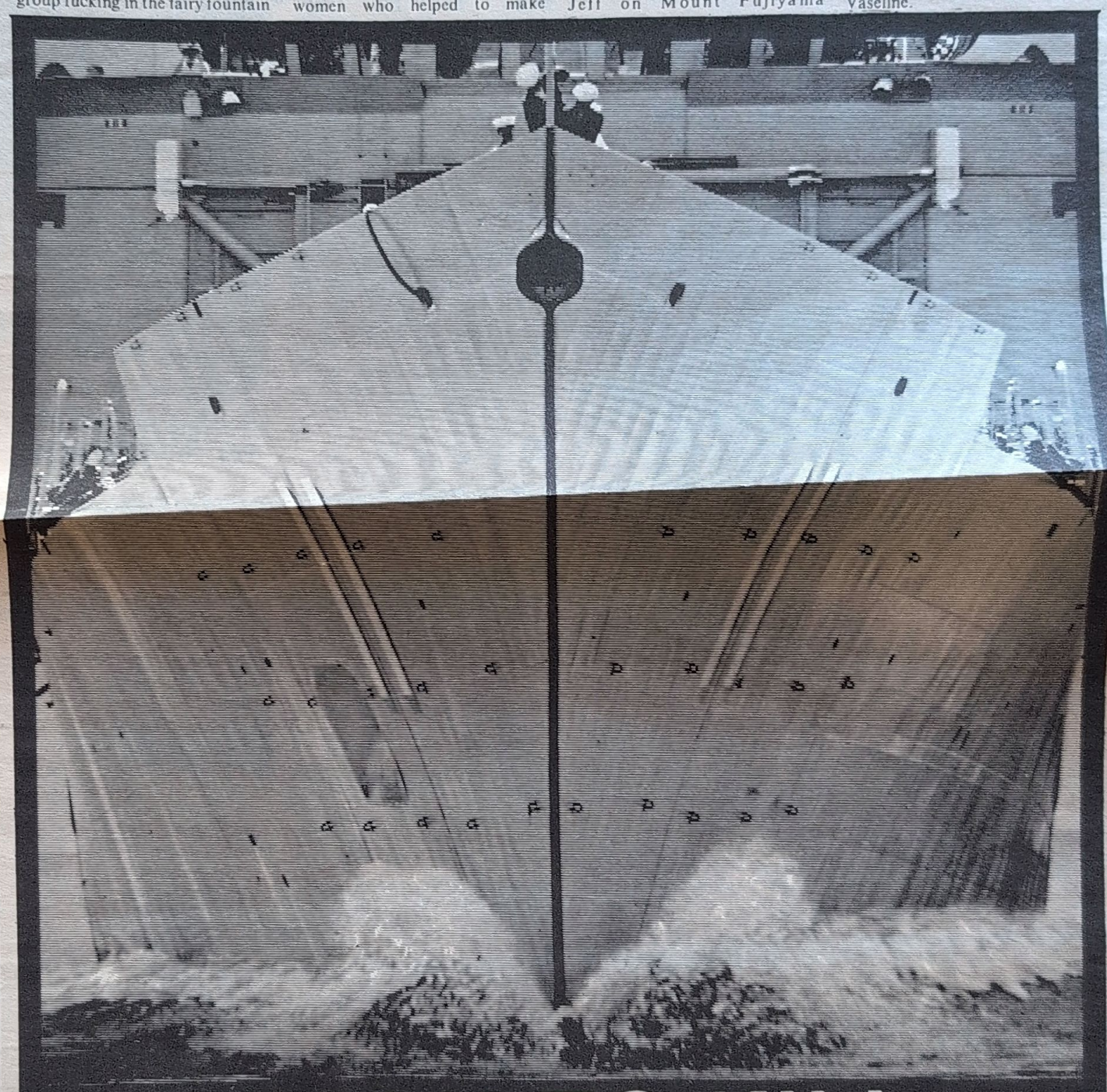

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CALENDAR

MON/1

•April Fool's Day. Suggested activities:
1. Tell your parents that you're homosexual.
2. Break up with your boyfriend/girlfriend.
3. Turn in a piece of dog shit to a professor.
4. Apply for a job at the **Trasher**.

TUE/2

•Last day to con your friend from the Registrar's Office into changing that course you haven't done a damned thing in all semester to a pass/fail grade.
•Application deadline for transferring to an easier university, 5 p.m.
•Brown/Lovett Party: "Nymphs and Deer Cavort," 9 p.m. at Lyle's. Bring your own bottle, cups, diaphragms, condoms, earwax extractors, belly-lint receptacles, canine fecal matter, garden hose, computer terminals, garbage disposers, and blenders. Door prize for person dressed most convincingly like a toaster or a bitch.

WED/3

•Joan in the Admissions Office will be accepting bribes *today only* to accidentally move your little brother's or sister's application from the trash to the *accept* box. Don't even show up with less than $400, or a box of Godiva chocolates.
•Football games against the combined kitchen staffs of the residential colleges, stadium, 8 p.m.

THU/4

•Not a thing of interest will happen on campus today. There will be a lot of very tired people sleeping, some more very tired people not sleeping, and lots of professors staying home, not doing a damned thing. Do your professor a favor on this day of feeling useless: drop by and spend the afternoon in deep, intellectual conversation. If they don't invite you to stay for dinner, urinate on a conspicuous piece of furniture and leave.

FRI/5

•Girls: If anyone you know is still on campus, he is no doubt feeling very depressed. Show him how much you love him. Go to his professor and get him an extension on that test he has to turn in at 5 p.m. on Monday. Go by his room with a six-pack of beer. Take him out to dinner at Birraporetti's. Drive him back to your place and offer yourself to him. Open up your cabinet with the whips and gags in it, just to make it more interesting. After he comes for the first time, cut his dick off with a meat cleaver and mail it to his professor. If you're lucky, he won't die of blood loss by the time you get him sewn up. If he's lucky, he'll get an A for originality.

SAT/6

•Somewhere out there, the perfect person for you exists. Out of 3 billion people, how can there not be, hm? Start looking for that person today. Start with Oregon; you might as well be methodical. Have a bottle of champagne with you, just in case.

SUN/7

•Today at 1 p.m., Rice Players present the new epic play by Peter Schaffer, *Elephus*. This new play is largely a rewriting and imporovement over his earlier success, *Equus*. The Players' version stars Martha Igloo as the zookeeper, Mary Budweiser as the mother, and Joe Carruthers as the distraught boy. A special appearance will be made by Bart Minsurio, playing the bag of peanuts. The production will include the entire "suction scene," which has been banned in many other productions around the country. Of course, the real star of the show is Fred Stovall, who had to undergo special weight training, a 24,000-calorie-a-day diet, and a program of instruction to make him defecate like an elephant convincingly. Special vacuum apparatus designed by the Mechanical Engineering Department.

[redacted]

To: [redacted]

Please [redacted]

To [redacted]

MENU

Monday 1st

Eggs to odor with armpit hair, fetal pigs, lesbian ova. Variety of bodily fluids.

Soap of the day, Pig/Cabbage/Menstrual Blood Sandwiches, Yellow Squish.

Turkey Feet, Sperm Gravy, Cranberry Enemas, Pigs' Eyes on Sticks, Estrogen Cake.

Tuesday 2nd

Embryos to order, Yeast Infection Bread, Grits.

Tuna Tacos, Cow Beans, Fruit or Sexual Toy.

Grilled Fallopian Tubes, Fried Ovarian Cysts, Spinach a la Uterus, Rolls, Placenta Pie.

Wednesday 3rd

Follicle Puffs, Pig Urine, AIDS cultures.

Pork Chow Mein, Sticky Semen Rice, Psoriasis.

Pick Up Sack Lunch by 2:30 p.m.

Thursday 4th

Easter Eggs to Order, Bunny Balls, Chicks.

Easter Bunny Chops, Rabbit Eyes with Mascara, Lettuce and Tomato.

Nothing for dinner, just starve.

Friday 5th

Beagles and cream cheese, squirrel eggs.

Nothing for lunch or dinner, you've been bad kids. Get those dirty clothes off of the floor.

Saturday 6th, Sunday 7th

Chintzy, low-protein continental breakfast 8-9 a.m.

Expensive, lavish, understaffed, undercooked brunch 11 a.m.-1 p.m.

MISCLASSIFIEDS

WANTED: New Back Page Editor

No experience necessary.

Homosexuals need not apply.

[redacted]

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